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Clemson College

Chronicle Commencement

Issue, June 1899 -

Contains "Class History" and
pictures of the class of 1899.

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W. LIONEL MOISE.
WINNER OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.



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The Clemson College Chronicle.

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

VOL. II.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JUNE, 1899.

No. 9.

Literary Department.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, - - - - - EDITOR.

TO THE CLASS OF '99.

Comrades we've reached at last the cherished goal
Of our ambitions. Now all doubts and fears
Have vanished. Nought remains save memry's scroll,
The mottled tombstone of departed years.

Years that have trailed their tranquil lengths along,
Leaving their imprint on our hearts and minds ;
Years that have linked in lasting nearness strong
Truth, Hope, and Love with all that wisdom finds.

In reminiscent mood we pause and think
Of days that are no more, and try to scan
The future, standing on the very brink
Of that which separates the boy and man.

Here in the twilight of our college lives,
'Tis but the dawning of our graver days,
While yet the flickering, fading ray survives,
We can but look above to find our ways.

Full ninety strong a sturdy Freshman band,
We left our homes this long hard race to run,
But now alas, a sad sixteen we stand
To watch the setting of our college sun.

As brothers we have known the selfsame cares,
Like brothers we have shared our little joys,
Thus on thro' life the cycled lapse of years
Will bind in manhood's strength the hearts of boys.

We've reached the point where preparation ends,
That point where life commences true and real.
Then have we kept good faith with loving friends?
Have we prepared ourselves for woe or weal?

Let records speak! It is not meet that we
Should be the critics of our class and name,
Let records speak that those who hear and see
May write the full just measure of our fame.

Now as we part to seek divergent ways,
Let's drink a health in love's delicious wine,
A toast to friends and sweethearts, and all praise
To Clemson College and to Ninety-Nine.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Class Poet.

Address to the Class of 1899.

DELIVERED BEFORE CALHOUN SOCIETY.

In addressing my remarks to the class of 1899, it is with regret that the time is not far distant when Clemson will have to say to you "Good-bye"; but it is with pleasure that we can rejoice with you in the fact that you are going to enter upon the duties of life with bright futures and brilliant prospects.

Commencement in life for you has come. The Twentieth century is destined to furnish a field in which you can work. During your day there will probably be wrought out a more general and vital change in the condition of man. The world is enlarging in every direction and to whosoever will, are offered splendid opportunities. Though there is a world wide meaning between the phrases "whosoever will" and "who soever simply wishes." One expresses self determination; the other only lazy desire.

For the last one hundred years, we may say, there has been a constant and rapid growth in politics, in commerce, in the arts, sciences and education. Much work

along the various lines remains yet to be elaborated. Fellow South Carolinians are we not destined to exert a profound and potent influence in continuing the work begun by the genius of the Nineteenth Century? Does it not become the duty of men who have taken advantage of the great opportunities offered by the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College to do a great deal in developing our country's resources and in bringing to light the hidden fruits which nature with her lavish hand has stowed away on every side?

In speaking to you, fellow students of the graduating class, I say nothing intentionally in the sense of advice, but when you go out into various parts of this State and perhaps of other States, to assume charge of the duties that await you I would have you know that you have left behind men who are interested in your welfare and men who as co-workers are willing to put forth vigorous efforts in the material advancement of everything which tends to the improvement of mankind.

The generation which is going on to the field of action will live in stirring times and it of greatest importance that we make the necessary preparation in order that we may be enabled to live up to the requirements of the times and to cope successfully with the difficulties that are to be constantly met with.

During your career here you have been applying yourselves diligently to make this necessary preparation and yet perhaps any man of you could say with justice to his conscience, "The more I know, the more I know I don't know." However, you have had implanted within your minds seed thoughts that may in after years become mature ideas and if properly matured may perhaps be the means of inconceivable good.

You have left behind you a noble record, a record

which no man of you need be ashamed of. It is needless to here enumerate the things which you have done, but there is one thing that might be especially commended—that is the projected scheme to erect a class memorial. You have sought to beautify the Campus by putting on it a fountain. This fountain to be a token of the fact that your memories cling around your Alma Mater. May it also be emblematical of the fact that the class of 1899 is a fountain of inexhaustible virtue pouring forth to the world its good deeds.

Soon you will turn from us to take a part in the crowding interests and activities of life's duties. May your aspirations be high, and may your efforts be crowned with success. Your past record bespeaks for you the energy that is to accompany your lives in producing a force that must prove a leading factor in your generation and that will give you a life coupled with a glory that is imperishable.

L. O. M.

A TOAST.

Here's to the graduating class!
Come, boys, drink deep this wine,
To the health of each and every one
In the class of ninety-nine.

II.

They'll not come back again, boys.
Perhaps we've seen the last
Of each bright face and shining eye
Of our noble Senior Class.

III.

Bid them a sad farewell, boys.
Let tears be in your eyes;
Say to them that in life, boys,
There's success to the man who tries.

IV.

Lift up each glass again, boys;
Fill them to flowing o'er,
And drink to the health of the class, boys,
The class we'll see no more.

A. T.

Our Country and Its People.

Our hearts swell with pride when our country's name is called. We are proud of the principles upon which our government was founded. We boast of our liberty and of our progress, but we, too frequently neglect to consider how our present position was reached, and upon what our destiny depends.

The secret of our past success, as a nation, is in the fact that, during the greater part of our country's history, it has been filled with heaven-inspired men, men who sought nothing less than manly independence, or nothing more than justice. Men who faced duty without flinching, and who contended for their rights as long as there was a spark of hope left to encourage them.

It is to men of this character that we owe all that we have to-day which entitles us to the distinction of being considered a people deserving of the blessings of heaven. This is the kind of men that fought for our independence, and built the foundation of our government, a solid foundation, upon which has since been erected all that we behold in the way of the superstructure.

Men of a more world-wide reputation have lived and died and been forgotten, but grander souls never struggled toward the light, nor bowed before the ever-living God than those noble heroes who so gallantly fought for our liberty. They threw the gage of battle full and fair in Britain's haughty face. When defeat followed defeat, until the new nation was bankrupt, and they were

starving upon the field of battle; when a few cowards were flying from their colors, and men as brave as Roman tribunes were weeping tears of grim despair, they were still fanning the flickering flame of liberty with a deathless faith that the Omnipotent arm of God would uphold the banner of the free. Again and again the hungry Continentals, whose feet were bare, and whose garments were tattered, set their breasts against the bayonet, until, from the very ashes of defeat, dear liberty rose like a goddess in her beauty, a Titan in her strength.

Our ancestors were inspired by the highest impulses of fierce patriotism to make slow, though painful steps toward the top of the eternal mountain, where the great light of God breaks, and where there is no more of darkness and of down-trodden rights by foreign foes.

“The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people.”

The character of our people will determine our country's destiny. Then it becomes us to ask ourselves whether we are to-day viewing national questions with a world-wide horizon and with our country's interest at heart, or dwindling down to a people whose god is the dollar, whose country is the stock exchange, and who are striving to manage affairs on the basis of brute selfishness, dreaming that the mighty arm of some unseen power will lift us to the top round of national glory, without any arduous struggles on our part.

“Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their lusty manhood, and their decay.”

Our nation has passed her period of youth. It is either in the full bloom of greatness, or it is decaying.

We can advance only by developing the natural resources, and kindling loftier aspirations in the youth of

our country. The great question which confronts us is "Are we moving in this direction?"

Let us stop and think. It may be possible that we are drifting in the wrong direction. We have indications of trouble ahead of us.

Our wealth is great, but we have vices and corruption that reach from the Senate chamber through every stratum of society.

Plutocrats are being magnified and working men are being impoverished. That honor, patriotism, and reverence, and all things that were more endearing to our fore fathers than pure gold, are departing.

Our country is being filled with men who are striving, not to do their God-given duty, but to win wages of gold and grub, and to obtain idle praises by empty plausibilities; and men, who are aspiring to ride the topmost wave, not of a tempestuous ocean, which tries the heart of oak and the hand of iron, but of some pitiful sectarian or political mud-puddle.

I think that it is getting high time that we were laying aside all false conceptions of pride and advancement, that we were beginning to battle, with renewed energy, against industrial wolves, political and social rottenness, and that we were definitely persevering in the road that leads to national perfection.

Nations have fallen whose slightest wish was once the world's law.

Let us learn the lesson that this teaches us. It is possible for us to fall, but may God grant that the banner of our country may ever be lifted high, and that our people may ever be a rising people, ascending the scale of national greatness and of moral purity.

E. B. BOYKIN.

JUNE.

June! The month of joy and mirth
 When peace and good will reign on earth,
 And rivers move with bound and leap
 As if ashamed to slowly creep
 Along their destined course.

June! When flowers bloom galore
 When birds sing merrily, and pour
 Their sweet refrain into the light,
 While sun-bedazzled summer sprites
 Dance gayly here and there.

June! The month of wine and dance,
 The time when life seems one long trance
 One never ending song of love,
 An illustration from above
 Of God's eternal love.

June! The very breeze is stirred
 With sweet refrain from mocking-bird,
 And whip-poor-will, and restless jay,
 That soothe the slow declining day
 With their soft roundelay.

Yes, this is June! And hearts are bright,
 And feet trip the "fantastic light"
 And Cupid's arrows speed along
 Till men and maids sing Hymen's song
 And join the benedictine throng.

W. L. MOISE.

"Numbers Applied."

I am only a "rat." My life has been in danger ever since my arrival at Clemson, yet I do not complain. I am only a "rat" and "rats" are subject to all sorts of treatment. I have been bunked and maltreated in every possible manner. I have been turned over while sleeping sweetly on my couch of down; I have had my head rubbed, and my ears pulled. All sorts of "initiations" have been visited upon me and I bear it all with quiet

complacency and never grumble. I know that this will not last forever.

But there is one thing which I wish to raise my feeble voice against and let the authorities know what I think about it. One thing, which unlike "hazing," does not cease with rat-dom, but continues on and on through a college life, and causes the student to become wrinkled and sad with the exertion necessary to perform this arduous task.

The affliction I refer to in such feeling terms is the custom of numbering each cadet as if he were a convict or some such disreputable character. Why, I am the most be-numbered person in this land of sweet liberty, and I rise to a question of privilege and inquire is this sort of thing in keeping with the constitutional right of seeking life, liberty and happiness.

Bear with me a few moments and I will detail a few of the numerous number of numbers I have to tax my brain to remember. Upon my arrival, and after paying my entrance fee, I am shown into the President's office and insert my name in the matriculation book. Here I receive my first number, for opposite my name are the figures 978. From here I am shown into the commandant's office, and am assigned to Company C. Then I am conducted to the barracks and my captain assigns me to Room 18. So far I can remember these facts.

Now, I am given a place in Section, and I am told that I am in the 4th Section Sub-Fresh A, and my name is 5th on the roll. All right! So far, so good. I discover that my recitation rooms are on the 3rd floor of college building.

After drilling in the "rat" squad for a few weeks (and all this is done by numbers) I am put in my company,

and here again I am re-numbered, being the 2nd man in the rear rank of the 6th four.

My laundry is also numbered 526, and my gun is numbered 563,638.

I am shown into the Library, where are quite a number of books, and I take one or two in my hands and start for the door, thinking that I would take them to my room and read them. But my escort grabs me by the shoulder and conducts me to a table where a fellow is writing numbers in a big book.

"Here, Furman, give this rat a page in the ledger."

"All right," he replies, and turning over to the back of the book, says, "Your page is 913, what is your name?"

I give him my cognomen, and turn to walk out, when I am again called back, and I stand before the big book again.

"Give me the number of your books, so that I can keep a record of the books you get out," requested the Librarian.

I sighed a weary sigh, and turned to the front cover of the books. "Number 1687 and number 1891," I called out. "All right; remember the date you took them out, and bring them back in 10 days or you will be fined 2c. for every day you are late."

I smiled sadly and walked out from the door. "Let me see, now. My page is 913, the books are to be returned in 10 days, or 2c. each day they are kept. O. K. Now for a summary.

I live in number 18. I recite on 3d floor of college. I am 5th man on roll of 4th section, Sub. Fresh A. In the company I am 2d in 4th six, No., — 6th four. My laundry is number 526, my gun is 563,638. Library page 913! Whew! I hope my brain will hold out!

I soon become interested in my books. I go to the drawing room for free hand drawing and am given some more numbers. The place to keep my board is on shelf D, and the drawer to keep my paper and pencil is number 107.

When I commence mechanical drawing my drawer of instruments is 23—and the T square is number 372.

The next place is the wood-shop. Here I find some more numbers staring me in the face. The tool box is numbered 7. The drawer in which I keep my wood-work is numbered 31, and the combination to open it is 3-15-26. The pattern I am now working on is number 19.

When I enter the Forge shop, I am still more benumbed. My tool box in the Forge is number 7.

I will enter the Chemical Laboratory soon, and here my keys will have numbers; my desk will have another number, and my experiment yet another number.

My box at the post-office is number 26, and the letters I get cannot be numbered, they are so numerous.

My brain is almost worn away, yet numbers still stare at me everywhere I turn—when I get corporal I will be known as 5th corporal or possibly 6th corporal. During foot-ball season, the foot-ball signals are numbers innumerable, and I will have this list to add to my mental store of numbers. Yet I still live, and feel sure that by the time I graduate my memory will be so gymnastical I will be a living representation of Wentworth's "Numbers Applied." Such is college life at Clemson. The department of mathematics is very complete here.

W. L. MOISE.

VOICES.

Rage on, ye elements above,
While torrents downward pour ;
The soul of man undaunted stands
And rises grandly o'er
 The fury of thy storm.

But in the stillness of the night
When peacefulness holds sway
The voices multitudinous
Then to his thoughts may say
 What shape they shall assume.

Thus in the little lives we lead
Within this tear-dimmed vale,
'Tis not the awful, the sublime
Which makes our faces pale
 That influences most.

The quiet, still, small voices that
May meet us anywhere;
They change our living here, and say
What we'll be over there
 Where is eternity.

J. C. T. '99.

The Story of the Two Pines.

It was one of those pleasant days in early Spring when all nature seems to be inviting man to cease from strife with his fellow-man, that I found myself strolling through one of the oldest country church-yards in upper South Carolina. As I strolled leisurely about, reading epitaphs, I was struck with the age of some of them, many dating back to before the Revolution. The dust of some of South Carolina's most illustrious dead repose in this old church-yard.

My notice was attracted by the position of two magnificent pines, which stand on the southern edge of this

"City of the Dead." These pines stand about seven feet apart, and are the only trees of their kind within the boundary of the church-yard. I walked over to where they stood, hoping to find some tombstone or other mark which would furnish some clue to the reason why these pines had been left standing while all the rest of their kind had been hewn down.

Fortunately, as I neared the trees, I saw an old man walking in the same direction. I quickened my pace and as soon as I drew near him accosted him pleasantly, and asked him if he could tell me anything of the history of those two pines. He replied that some thirty years ago a newly-made grave had been found in the church-yard with a pine stick at each end, and on one of these sticks were carved the words, "George Neville."

The sticks, he said, had taken root and grown to be the large pines which we now saw. Thinking that there must be something interesting behind all this, I asked him if he knew anything about the pines and the grave which they marked. He said that he knew nothing more, as the whole history of the grave was shrouded in deep mystery, the grave having been dug, and the body buried by night. I was very much disappointed at this, having hoped to hear an interesting story. After returning home I thought much about the mysterious grave and the two pines.

A few weeks ago, while looking over some old papers I found one with the words, "The Story of Two Pines," written across the top. The paper was yellow with age and the ink so faded that I could scarcely make out the words. However, I managed to make out the following tale:

It is a wild scene on a small island in the Savannah River. The ceaseless roar of the waters may be heard

on either hand as they rush over the shoals and rocks which attempt to hinder their onward flow. The sun will set within an hour, leaving shrouded in darkness a small party of men who are gathered on the small island. These men are divided into two groups of about equal size. Off to one side two men stand talking earnestly. In the midst of each group stands a man, coatless and hatless, sword in hand.

What does all this mean? A duel! The next question is, "What is the cause of the dispute that can deserve so bloody a mode of settling?" Let us go back a few months and see.

The scene to which we now take our readers forms a marked contrast with the one which we have just left. It is in the magnificent pavilion on the beach of Sullivan's Island. It is nearly midnight and every object is bathed in the silvery light of the moon. Within the pavilion the light of many candles is reflected by the jewels worn by the many couples of dancers, who are floating through the dreamy mazes of a waltz. Immediately upon entering our attention is drawn to a group of young people on the north side of the building. The young lady, Miss Helen St. Clare, who is seated in the midst of this group, and who is evidently the centre of attraction, is the recognized belle of the place. Of all the admirers who crowd around her, two seem to be in special favor. One of these gentlemen is George Neville and the other is Henry Cornwall.

Before the appearance of Miss St. Clare on the beach these gentlemen had been warm friends, but since her arrival a coldness had sprung up between them, for both were madly in love with her, and each had sworn to make her his wife. At the time we see these gentlemen in the pavilion they are not on speaking terms.

George Neville had made up his mind to propose to Miss St. Clare that very night, and thus decide his fate; his rival, who was the more prudent of the two, had no idea of thus prematurely risking his future happiness by over-haste.

Neville had the good fortune, as he thought, to be the one to see Miss St. Clare home. He proposed and received as his answer that, while he was regarded as a friend, he had not been known long enough to be loved. After seeing her safely home George Neville returned to his rooms in a very troubled state of mind. The next day he left the island, determined not to remain longer where he could daily see the object of his misplaced affections.

Let us now pass over a period of six months and come to the afternoon of January the 6th. Had you been near the door of St. Michael's church, in Charleston, you would have seen a newly-married couple emerge from the church and enter a carriage. Had you been a close observer you would have also noticed that as the couple crossed the pavement on their way to the carriage, a gentleman who chanced to be passing just then, lifted his hat and bowed. The lady did not see this person, but the gentleman did, but did not pretend to return the bow. Who is this couple? It is Mr. and Mrs. Henry Conwall.

Two months later in a small town in upper Carolina, in one of the rooms of the only hotel of which the place could boast, sits a man whose handsome face and form seem strangely familiar. This person is evidently lost in a very pleasant revery, for his eyes are half closed and there is a smile on his lips. He is thinking of a beautiful wife far away in Charleston. Suddenly his pleasant thoughts are broken into by a sharp rap on the door. He rises and, still smiling, opens the door. Instantly the

smile vanishes from his lips and in its stead comes an expression of cool reserve. What could have caused such a sudden change in the expression of Henry Conwall, for it is he.

Let us glance at the person on the outside of the door. His face is also familiar. It cannot be called a handsome face, but it is far from being ugly, nor can it be called an honest face, for it has a sinister expression, which at once impresses the stranger unfavorably. Where have we seen that face before? Yes! In the pavilion on Sullivan's Island, and again in Charleston, near St. Michael's Church. Here then is the person for the sudden change of expression on the face of Henry Conwall; he stands face to face with George Neville, the man whom he insulted near St. Michael's Church in Charleston!

The two men stood eyeing each other for half a minute before either spoke. The silence was at last broken by Conwall's asking in cool, even tones to what reasons must he attribute the honor of this visit. Neville looked at him coolly for a few seconds and then replied, "I come but to demand an apology for an insult which you gave me some two weeks ago, in the City of Charleston. I need not say what that insult was, for you know as well as I do what it was."

"Yes," replied Conwall, "I know what insult you are speaking of, but as we were not on speaking terms, I paid no attention to your bow. Therefore, sir, I refuse to apologize."

"Then," said Neville, "know that you are under the challenge of George Neville."

"And you may know, sir, that your challenge is accepted, and that I bid you defiance," replied Conwall, rising to his full height of six feet, two, thus displaying a finely moulded form.

"Then, good-morning, sir," said Neville, and turning on his heels left the apartment. Half an hour later another rap aroused Conwall from his thoughts, which were of a very different kind from those which he had before his first visitor. Upon opening the door he saw a stranger standing without. This stranger gave his name as James Johnson, and stated that he was acting in the capacity of second for Mr. Neville. He was referred to Captain Lewis Smith, who was a member of the party with which Conwall was traveling. Johnson retired to arrange the time, place and terms of the duel, with Capt. Smith. The time was set for the following afternoon, and the place the small island which has already been mentioned.

The next afternoon two boats containing half a dozen men each, might have been seen gliding down one of the swift flowing tributaries of the Savannah. There is none of the mirth and noise which usually attend such an excursion, when on a pleasure trip. Every one is silent and grave. The boats glide on down the stream and finally land on the small island before mentioned.

In a few minutes the two men who have been talking, return, each to his respective group. Each then places his principal on on his ground, after which the signal is given for the struggle to commence. The two men stand eyeing each other for several seconds, without moving. Then Neville commences the struggle by rushing upon Conwall. In the struggle which follows, Conwall receives a wound in the fleshy part of his left arm. Then for a few seconds each combatant stands eyeing his adversary. Again Neville rushes upon Conwall, but this time falls back, pierced to the heart.

It is a sad and silent group which might have been seen making its way back up the river which it had so lately descended. They land a few miles below the town from

which they started, and after traveling a few miles across the country arrive at an old church. Here they open a grave and lower the body of George Neville into its last resting place. A short prayer is said and the grave filled up. The pine sticks which had been used to carry the rude litter on which the body lay were stuck into the ground at the head and foot of the grave. George Neville's name was carved on one of them so as to let all know who lay under this mound of earth.

F. M. G., '02.

THE RENEWAL.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
 Every morn we start anew,
 You that are weary of study and learning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

Things of the past are gone forever,
 As dew before the rising sun;
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
 Yesterday's races to-day cannot run,
 Nor to-day may we gather the prizes won.

The session now past is a part of forever,
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
 With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight,
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every year is a fresh beginning;
 Listen, my soul, at the glad refrain!
 And 'spite of all gone and all that's coming,
 And lectures and quizzes in regular train,
 Take heart with to-day and begin again.

—Anon.

W. Lionel Moise.

The picture on the first page of this issue represents Cadet W. Lionel Moise, of Sumter, who is the winner of

the medal offered by the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association for the best oration.

This Association, representing Wofford College, Furman University, Erskine College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and Clemson College, held its first contest at Due West, on the 28th of April. The various Colleges were well represented, and after the orations were delivered there was room for considerable discussion as to who should receive the medals. But the judges, in what Dr. Grier called the "Wilson decision," because all three of the judges were Wilsons, decided that Mr. Moise, of Clemson, should receive the first honor medal, and Mr. Watson, of Furman, should receive the second.

The fact that a Clemson student has won this distinction, will go far toward upsetting the idea entertained by a great many people that Clemson is merely an aggregation of laboratories and shops. We take this signal victory to indicate that while the literary work at Clemson is not so extensive as at literary colleges it is thorough and for practical purposes equally as good. The average made by Clemson's representative was $93\frac{1}{3}$ being four points above Mr. Watson's who came out second.

The following sketch of Mr. Moise's life may be of interest to readers of the CHRONICLE. He was born at Sumter, S. C., June 10, 1879. He attended the graded schools at that place until he was sixteen years old. Deciding to stop school he went to Savannah, Ga., to work. He stayed in Savannah only one year when his health failing he was compelled to stop work and return home to recuperate. In the fall of 1896 he was sent to Clemson College where he soon became an important factor in literary work. He has been honored by his literary society on several occasions and has won two

medals in public contest. He is now President of the Palmetto Literary Society and holds the position of Assistant Literary Editor on CHRONICLE staff. We predict a brilliant career in the literary world for Mr. Moise. He is a young man of recognized ability, who throws his whole being into whatever he undertakes and we venture to say that wherever his lot in life is cast he will make himself felt.

Q. B. N., '01.

Class History.

The class of '99 now stands ready to make its bow.

After four years of uphill work we look back with conflicting emotions upon the tortuous path we have trod, and offer up a prayer of thankfulness that we have been brought safely thus far. As is usually the case we have had a much harder row to hoe than either the preceding classes.

When we were "preps" we were told that we must expect hardships as all the class work was laid out with respect to the Seniors. How we envied those fellows; with what feelings of awe we approached them. We were told that when we became Seniors we would have "a soft thing of it"; nothing special to do, just to polish off the rough edges, and prepare our graduation speeches.

A young lady once asked an elderly gentleman if he liked the wing of a chicken. "I have never," said he, "tasted the wing. When I was a child the old people ate the wings; when I became a man the children took them." When we became Seniors, we were told that "owing to the unexpectedly large attendance in the lower classes, the work would have to be laid out with respect to them." Then again vacant hours on our

schedule have been few and far between, and the time allotted three years and more ago, to the preparation of graduation speeches has utterly failed to materialize. Owing to the changes made in the sessions we have had six months extra work. The first class graduated in December, '96, the second, in February, '98, and this one in June, '99. As men, the extra session will be of inestimable value to us, as boys it has been considered an abominable nuisance.

Taking a hasty review of the field we see two or three things in which we feel a pride similar to that which a father feels for his son. We introduce here, the custom of leaving a memorial of our joys and sorrows. We have ordered a fountain, to be placed on the campus. As boys, we are well pleased with it; when we become multi-millionaires as each one of us expects to do, we will erect a grander and more imposing monument.

We are the first to leave a history of the class. This as you see, is simply a short statement of our grievances, with the names of the members and a date or two of importance to each. The task of writing this sketch could not have been entrusted to more unworthy hands; the only reason this duty rests where it does, is because the fellows best fitted for this work were glib of tongue and talked themselves out of it.

Another thing that may be put down to our credit is the fact that we saved the life of the CHRONICLE—a fact which will grow in importance as the years roll by. We are proud of our college journal and have tried to keep it up to the high standard set by its founders. Many of us appreciate the value that will attach to it in after years and we fought tooth and nail to prevent a few shortsighted men from killing it. A college, without a journal, is practically unknown. Through it we

introduce ourselves to the vast body of students all over this broad land of ours. We therefore deem this fact worthy of a page in our annals.

The records show that while we were "preps" there were one hundred and eighty-one of us. There are only eleven of that number left; four men having joined us in the Freshman year, and one in the Sophomore.

We take pleasure in introducing, in the order of military rank, the class of '99.

A. S. SHEALY.

Mr. Shealy was born in old Edgefield county in June, 1874. His father, J. Edward Shealy, is a well-to-do planter of Edgefield, his mother was Miss Frances Linder, of Lexington. Coming from a section noted for its generous people, Mr. Shealy, or as the boys call him, "Shack," entered college in June, 1894. He decided to take the agricultural course, and has pursued it to a successful completion. He has been honored with the highest office in the corps, being appointed Senior Captain in February, 1898. He has been president of the Columbian Society, was captain of the '98 foot ball team, holding the position of left end in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

After graduation Mr. Shealy expects to make a specialty of Veterinary Science.

Characteristic : A fondness for, but extreme diffidence toward the fair sex.

C. K. CHREITZBERG.

"Chup" Chreitzberg is the only preacher's son in the class, the surprising part being that his reputation is "fair to middlin'." He was born in Sumter, S. C., on April 21, 1874, his father being Rev. A. M. Chreitzberg, D. D., of the Methodist Conference. His mother was Hattie E.

Kilgore, of Newberry, S. C. In September, 1894, he entered college, and selecting the mechanical course, has devoted as much of his time as was possible to civil engineering. He was appointed second captain in February, 1898; was president of the Palmetto Society, secretary of the class, local editor of the CHRONICLE for a time, and held the position of right end on the foot ball team.

Characteristic : Jollity.

JAMES CROCKATT THOMSON.

Mr. Thomson, alias "Skeet," was born in Augusta, Ga., July, 1876. His father, Robert Thomson, of Beaufort, S. C., married Margaret Ann Walton Crockatt, of Glasgow, Scotland, and is now in the government service in Washington. "Skeet" entered in February, 1895, and immediately became one of our most popular men, also the marcher of his section. He was elected president of the class, and was chief usher in the '98 commencement. He has held many positions of honor and trust. Among them may be mentioned editor-in-chief of the CHRONICLE, president of the Columbian Society, secretary and treasurer of the Tennis Club, and is also a member of the Glee Club. He was appointed third captain in February, 1898. He took the agricultural course and expects to spend his life in the study of chemistry.

Characteristic : "Gen'l utility, boss !"

IRA BELTON TAYLOR.

"Ira Buncombe" was born in Prosperity, Newberry county, on May 18, 1876. His father is T. H. Taylor, of Prosperity, who married Mary Stockman, of the same town. Ira entered Clemson College in July, 1893. He was compelled to miss one year on account of sickness, but has been ever a conscientious student. He was a

young man of high moral character, being president of the Y. M. C. A., of this college, and its delegate at the summer school at Knoxville two sessions, and also conventions held at Columbia and Spartanburg. He was appointed fourth captain in February, '98. He has been president of the Calhoun Society, and here proved his ability as an executive. He expects to make Veterinary Science his study after graduation.

Characteristic : Piety.

LEWIS A. TURNIPSEED.

Mr. Turnipseed, originally called "Rutabager," but finally "Root" for short, was born in Richland county, October 27, 1880, which makes him the youngest member of the class. His father, B. R. Turnipseed, married a Miss Turner, of Granada. Miss. "Root" took the Freshman year with a previous class, but spent the following year in Mississippi; returning in February, 1897, he took up his work where he had left it, and has proved himself to be one of the brainiest men in the class, as he has been "section marcher" nearly the whole time. He was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898, and was promoted to captain the following October. He was president of the Calhoun Society, and an influential worker in it. He took the electrical course and intends to perfect himself in that branch of science at one of the large universities.

Characteristic : A very matter-of-fact young man.

W. FLOWERS WALKER,

"The Old Hoss," alias "Blossom," was born in Bull Pond Township, Barnwell county, on June 1st, 1877. His father, Josiah J. Walker, married Mattie E. Flowers. "Hoss" entered college February 21st, 1895, and took the Agricultural course. His literary work has been

very much in evidence, as he has been a prominent member of the Calhoun Society, and was elected President of same in '98. He was Literary Editor of the CHRONICLE, and also Class Poet. Was appointed Captain of C. Company in October, 1898.

Characteristic : An extraordinary indisposition toward physical exertion.

THOMAS H. TURNER.

Now Tom Turner is a fine fellow. During his senior year he was said to be the handsomest Adjutant at Clemson College. He published his first order in Graham's, Barnwell county, October 16, 1875. His superior officer was Geo. W. Turner, and his mother was Margaret Jennings, of Orangeburg. Tom cast his lot with us in February, 1894, and soon was made Vice President of the class. He was President of the Columbian Society, and the crack player of the Tennis Club. He was appointed Adjutant in February, 1898. He took the Mechanical course and intends to perfect himself in Electricity and Mechanical Engineering.

Characteristic : Fondness for evening strolls.

RALPH M'LENDON.

"The old maid" first saw the light in Cypress, S. C., April, 1875. His father, Thos. J. McLendon, of Darlington, married Ellen DuBose, of the same place. "Mac" entered in September, 1894, and has been "sawing wood" in the agricultural cause ever since. He was exchange editor of the CHRONICLE, class contributor for the same journal; was president of the Columbian Society, and a power in the land when he took the floor. He was appointed Quartermaster in February, 1898. He intends to go North to study chemistry.

Characteristic : Extremely hard to please.

JAMES SAM CALHOUN, JR.

"Pot" was born in Barnwell county in March, 1876. His father, J. S. Calhoun, married Alice Matilda Atkins, of Beaufort. He entered in February, 1894, and decided to take the mechanical course, making a specialty of civil engineering. Was president of the Palmetto Society; and was appointed Lieutenant in 1898. He intends to work with some engineer for a year and then take a post graduate course.

Characteristic: Very fond of boats.

M. L. ELDER.

"Spec" is a much freckled man, but there is plenty of good stuff in him. He first saw the light in Chester county in October, 1874, his father being W. H. Elder, of Guthriesville. His mother was Sallie Lewis, of Talladega, Ala. He entered in February, 1894, and taking the mechanical cause, he has been devoting himself to the study of electricity. Mr. Elder was a member of the committee that discussed the question of a college journal. The CHRONICLE is the result of that meeting. He was president of the Columbian Society, and was appointed Lieutenant in February, 1898.

Characteristic: Unique originality (in spelling).

WM. N. HOOK.

Bill Hook is the oldest man in the class, having been born in Orangeburg county in July, 1872. His father, J. N. Hook, married Sue Ann Pou, of Lexington. Bill should have set us a good example, but he didn't. He was full of life and animal spirits, and they kept him up to some devilment all the time. He was always trying to see how near he could come to getting caught and yet escape. He entered in February, 1894, taking the mechanical course and studying civil engineering. He was

president of the Columbian Society, and was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898. He expects to do some government work in Dry Tortugas.

Characteristic : An itching palm.

J. W. JEFFARES.

"Doc" was born in Feastersville, S. C., September, 1873. His father, Henry Jeffares, of DeKalb county, Georgia, married Elisia Coleman, of Feastersville. He entered in July, 1893. He was president of the Calhoun Society, and was one of the representatives sent by the Young Men's Christian Association to Asheville, N. C. Mr. Jeffares decided to take the mechanical course, and made a specialty of civil engineering. He was appointed lieutenant in February, 1898.

Characteristic : A vivid imagination.

ANDREW JACKSON MATHIS.

"Mug" was born in Mossy, Aiken county, August 19, 1880. His father, Chas. H. Mathis, of Edgefield, married Elizabeth S. Green, of Aiken. Mr. Mathis entered July, 1894, and has taken the regular course in mechanics and electricity. He was class treasurer, but his duties were not arduous. "Mug's" hot head kept him in the ranks until October, 1898, when he was appointed lieutenant in A company. He spent three months in camp with the First South Carolina Volunteers, but was mustered out and rejoined his class. Mr. Mathis has secured a fine position as an electrician in Ocala, Fla.

Characteristic : Determination.

HERBERT G. SMITH, "D. D. C."

Herbert G. is one of the few cadets who fails to have a nickname. He was born in Slabtown, Anderson county. His father, J. P. Smith, who is secretary of the Fertil-

zer Commission, married Carrie Glen, both of Anderson. Smith entered college in February, '94, and proved a careful student. He has the distinction of being the only day cadet who has been appointed to a military office, being made a lieutenant in the "Signal Corps" in February, '98, and afterwards transferred to the Commandant's Staff.

Characteristic : Desuetude.

J. EARLE LEWIS, "D. D. C."

Mr. Lewis is another bright man and is known familiarly as "Sore-Head." He was born June, 1879, in Pendleton, S. C. His father, J. E. Lewis, married Anna H. Smith, of Charleston. Earle entered college in July, '94, and pursued an electrical course, in which he soon became proficient. Last May he was offered a very fine position at Portman Shoals with the Electric Power Plant and accepted the offer. He continued his studies during spare time and returned to college to receive his diploma.

Characteristic : Talkativeness.

J. H. STRIBLING, "D. D. C."

In Mr. Stribbling we have the only man who began at the beginning. He was born in Pendleton, S. C., in December, 1878. His father, J. C. Stribling, of Pendleton, married Miss V. H. Hunter of the same place. Hunter entered "low prep" in '93 and has come straight on up. He took the mechanical course and has devoted himself to the study of electricity.

Characteristic : Imitation.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, Historian.

A Resume of the Last Football Season and the Prospects for Another Session.

If victories determine the success of a football season, then Clemson may well congratulate herself on the bril-



FOOT BALL TEAM—STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

liant record made by her team during the session now drawing to a close.

Reckoned as is the standing of baseball teams, her average is 75 out of a possible 100—and of four games played only one was lost, and that to one of the strongest teams in the South. For the four games she scored 110 points to the opponent's 20; in only one game did the opponents score at all. It is doubtful if any team in the South can show so good a record.

Only against the strong and experienced team of the University of Georgia did Clemson lower her colors, and then only after one of the closest and most exciting contests of the season.

The score 20 to 8 shows only in a small measure the relative strength and play of the two teams. In the first half the play was practically even, neither side appearing to any great advantage over the other. Both teams played in this half a bucking game, and to Clemson's surprise and Georgia's disappointment, our much lighter and less experienced team held its own against the plunges of the heavy Georgia backs, and in return excelled them in the magnificent line bucking by Sullivan and Forsythe. With many advantages in their favor—weight, experience, familiarity with their home field, a crowd of enthusiastic rooters, they lacked the one great essential of a football player—*endurance*. When the first half ended, the Georgia men were worn out and discouraged, and the captain and coach saw that unless some bold stroke was resorted to, Clemson, with the down hill in her favor, and seemingly as fresh as at the beginning of the game, would carry the ball over their goal at pleasure. Their only hope lay in their sprinter half-back, Harman Cox, who, at the Southern Inter-Collegiate meet, had won the 100-yard dash over all competitors. Thinking they had an

easy thing of it they had not put him in the game at first, but had reserved him for an emergency. Then, too, he was in no condition to play a whole game through, not having trained regularly with his team. He was to win by undivided prowess what McCarthy knew his team could not accomplish by united effort. Clemson had had little experience at stopping end plays, and was especially weak at right end. Around this vantage point, by sheer swiftness, Cox managed to make one long run after another—runs that either carried the ball over, or placed it near Clemson's goal. There was no team work on Georgia's part during this half. Cox was the team, he was to do everything, and did all that was done, and certainly all that could be expected.

Clemson had gone to Athens with no hope of winning, but at the end of the first half it looked as if she had a fighting chance, and hopes ran high. Their game showed them how strong was their aggregation. Even the final loss of the game could not destroy the assurance that they had a good team, and had played a good game. Probably to this Georgia game is due in a large measure the following series of victories. Our men saw what a good chance they had of turning out a winning team, and from the Georgia game the interest never flagged, and their ambition was never lowered. The Bingham game, farcical as it was in some respects, resulting in a score of 55 to 0 in Clemson's favor, confirmed the men in their notion that Clemson's team and Clemson's style of play was the best she had ever had. Every play went off like clock-work, despite the fact that the season was still new and the personnel of the team unsettled. Everything, however, has its disadvantages, and in this game the accident to our right tackle, Baxter Lewis, deprived the team of one of its best players and most loyal members.

The Carolina game followed, and another zero from our opponents and 24 points for Clemson was recorded. Clemson men delight to "do" the S. C. College, and their ambition in this direction was fully satisfied this season. A larger score would have indicated that Carolina had dropped back *out of Clemson's class*. But probably the most perfect game played by Clemson was the last game of the season played against the Georgia School of Technology, in Augusta, resulting in a score of 23 to 0 for Clemson. No prettier game has been played in the South. Both teams were well trained, both determined to win, but from the start it was evident that the heavy line bucking of Forsythe, the magnificent end runs by Walker, Shealy and Chreitzberg must carry the ball over the Techs goal many times before the hour of play had elapsed. And so it proved. Only once did the Techs stand a chance of recovery; once, when after a series of successful bucks and end runs, the ball had been advanced to Clemson's one-yard line. It was first down and never was there a finer piece of defensive work done than by the Clemson boys at this critical juncture. The first down failed to carry the ball an inch, a second and the Techs were thrown back by the fierce charge of the Clemson men. A third and last, and with only a little to gain, the ball went to Clemson and was soon carried out of danger. It was a great rally; a magnificent piece of defensive work.

It is not the purpose of this article to draw comparisons between the players who won these victories. Every man did his duty and played good, smashing football. They seemed to have the proper spirit in them—a spirit that will not own that it is beaten until the last down is played, the last advance made. To this invincible determination on the part of every man who com-

posed Clemson's eleven, to the loyalty of every man to the training code, to their obedience, to discipline and unbounded enthusiasm, to these elements of success have our victories been due.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on our efficient coach, Mr. Penton. His enthusiasm and determination were contagious. Clemson may play even better football in the future than she has done in the past; as our men become better versed in the game; as we accumulate veterans, she will rise to a position the equal of any college in the South, but we predict that she will never have a coach who has the interest of the team more at heart, or who will labor more faithfully for its success than did our big, jolly, well-beloved coach, Mr. Penton.

Shealy's record as a captain is only excelled by his achievements as a player. The very incarnation of enthusiasm and loyalty, a strict disciplinarian, a tactful worker with his men, he combined all the essentials that go to make up a leader.

Never in the football history of Clemson have the prospects for a strong personnel for another season been so promising. There is no reason from this standpoint why her team should not during the course of next season come to the fore front of Southern Colleges in this great sport. But a football team, like everything else in this world that is worth anything, costs. The "sinews of war" must be provided. The glory of the football team's victories are the common property of every cadet at Clemson.

If the Inter-Collegiate contests are for the sole gratification of the eleven engaged in the contest, then away with the game. It costs too much time, too much money, too much privation; it is not worth while. But if every trip taken, every game played, establishes more



BASE BALL TEAM.

firmly in the public's mind Clemson's claim to be a community of gentlemen; if every victory won is a source of gratification and pride to students, faculty and alumni alike; every practice game on our own grounds a source of entertainment for the students; if all these things added, go to make college life more enjoyable to the participants, more attractive to outsiders desiring an education; go to advertise the college, and last but not least, go to make better men physically, morally and mentally of those students who actively participate in the sport, then we say long live football, the greatest man-making, college-spirit-creating game to-day on the American continent. We hope the day will never come when Clemson College will be without a football team, for that day will find also less contentment among its students, less loyalty and college spirit and fewer pupils.

Clemson on the Diamond.

The prevailing idea among the boys at Clemson seems to be that her base-ball could have taken a better stand among the different college teams of the State if it had been under a good trainer for a part of the season. There is no one who does not admit that it could have been much improved under the supervision of a good coach and we hope to be able to employ one next season. A good coach could have easily raised us one notch, putting us first instead of second among the colleges of our State. We certainly have good material for development. The cadets and our many other supporters should be well pleased with our work as this is only our second year on the diamond. Prof. Bowman was an excellent coach but his untimely decease robbed us of a hearty supporter and a true friend. Not only the team but the entire corps bewail his death.

Some members of the base-ball association seem to be very much discouraged indeed at the little support received and the small amount of enthusiasm shown over the games played here at home. This lack of interest may be accounted for in several ways. First. The game is yet very young at Clemson. Secondly. The part taken in other inter-collegiate contests has been so great as to detract from base-ball. Thirdly. Competition in base-ball has never yet been strong enough between the different college teams of the State to arouse the proper spirit at home or abroad. Fourthly. The teams played here were so little concerned in our college standing that the games created little interest.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties that base-ball has to encounter we cannot doubt, when we reflect for a moment, that base-ball is fast gaining ground at all the colleges in this State. Clemson entered the field last year. The Citadel, Charleston and Newberry Colleges all made their first appearance as competitors this season. All the college faculties except those of Clemson and South Carolina College have ruled out foot-ball. This leaves a very bright and promising prospect for base-ball, as the boys of the different institutions must be brought together by means of some form of athletics.

In the colleges visited by the ball team this year a majority, sometimes all and never less than half of the students were members of the base-ball association, paying both a monthly and an annual fee amounting to more than one dollar per year. This year Clemson's Association opened upon a similar basis with less than half of the cadets members, but with the success we have met with this year the prospects for increasing the membership two-fold are good.

Wofford College is trying the Monday holiday scheme

and from all accounts it works splendidly. Furman and several more of our neighboring colleges are anticipating a similar change next session. This plan is no doubt a good one and it has several strong points for its support, but athletics are not so much concerned in the day as they are interested in getting one day universally adopted by the colleges engaging in field contests. This discrepancy in holidays conflicted with our games this season. The limited number of days that any student can be absent from his classes makes it necessary for us to play most of our games on holidays. Suppose Wofford and Clemson wish to participate in three games during a season and Wofford's holiday comes on Monday and Clemson's on Saturday, then for each game one team must sacrifice one whole day, which could be avoided by the proper arrangement of holidays.

When you make inquiries of your professors with reference to joining a literary society they never fail to tell you that they received half of their education in their old society.

I do not hesitate to say that the influences a boy comes in contact with while visiting colleges as an amateur athlete benefit him as much as, if not more than, his society work at college, while the field training is better than one gets in the best governed gymnasiums. A skeptic remarked that "nobody plays ball but toughs," but my experience has been much to the contrary. Of all the college students I have met with, the ball players as a rule conducted themselves most genteelly.

Clemson's success at base ball this year was due not so much to individual work—for the players are all college amateurs with no "grandstand" players among them—but to team work. The base running, throwing, fielding and batting could all have been improved. Several did

good work at the bat; McMakin and Shaw led the list, getting seventeen hits each out of forty-four times at the bat. McMakin began a splendid season, striking out twenty-four men in two games but he had too much work for one man and consequently lost his arm before the end of the season. No pitcher could have made a better beginning than he. The team now sees that its weakest point was the need of a supporting twirler.

The following brief summary of games will give an idea of the work done by the team.

COLLEGE GAMES.

Cornell.....	14	Clemson.....	3
Wofford	6	Clemson.....	5
Erskine.....	2	Clemson.....	6
Erskine.....	9	Clemson	4
College of Charleston.....	3	Clemson.....	11
S. C. College	8	Clemson.....	21
College of Charleston.....	3	Clemson.....	11

NON-COLLEGE GAMES.

Piedmont.....	3	Clemson.....	4
Piedmont.....	16	Clemson.....	6

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EDITORIAL STAFF, 1899.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

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OF
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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Editorial Department.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, - - - - EDITOR.

Valedictory. With this issue of the CHRONICLE the present staff of editors, who have held office since February of 1898, will step out of the *sanctum*

to make way for their successors, and ere we are in print the new staff will have been elected.

Like all other mortals, we have committed our blunders, but now at the end we can hold up our heads and say that we have ever striven earnestly to properly administer the affairs of the CHRONICLE, and to accomplish the purpose for which it was founded. We flatter ourselves that our efforts have not been entirely unsuccessful, and as we turn the little magazine, that has been our charge for a year and a half, over to new hands, we believe that some advancement has been made by our college journal since we took charge of it.

While the outlook of the CHRONICLE was brightest we worked faithfully to still further advance its interests, and when the darker days came and our magazine seemed about to fall through, we but redoubled our labors, and now we turn it over to the new staff who, we hope, will be as zealous of its success as we have been.

As long as we live we will have a keen interest in the CHRONICLE, and as each successive staff takes hold of it we will watch anxiously to see how it will fare.

May the CHRONICLE never lack supporters, and may it always do good work toward the two prime objects for which it was founded—the cultivation of literary talent at the College, and the fostering of College spirit.

Oratorical Contest. In our first editorials for the CHRONICLE, while discussing the formation of the State Oratorical Association, we mentioned that it was our belief that Clemson could acquit herself creditably in a contest with the other colleges of the State. Now in our last editorials we take pleasure in announcing that in the first inter-collegiate oratorical contest of South

Carolina, Clemson's representative, Mr. W. L. Moise, took first honors.

Mr. Moise, whose picture appears in this issue, is from Sumter, S. C. He will represent South Carolina in the inter-State contest at Monteagle, Tenn., in July, and will, we do not doubt, reflect honor on his State.

Many were surprised that the youngest college in the contest, and the one where English and rhetoric are a side issue, as it were, should lead the State in oratory. Mr. Moise, however, is an easy and graceful speaker as well as a good writer. Any one will have to exert himself to defeat him. He not only came out ahead on the combined mark, but was first in each of the subjects—composition and delivery.

Tennis Club. In this issue we have devoted some space to the athletic teams of the College and their work through the year.

On account of delay we were unable to have the cut and write-up of the Tennis Club to present.

The Tennis Club has aroused a good deal of interest in tennis, and now there are four courts on the campus and the surrounding "Hill." Every year a tournament is held for the single championship of the club. Last year this was won by Mr. T. H. Turner, of Denmark. This year's tournament has not been completed as we go to print.

Two games were played this year with outside teams. The first with a team from Williamston, in which we were defeated by superior players, and the second in which we defeated Erskine College at Due West.

It seems especially difficult to arrange a game of tennis with the other colleges of the State. Last year although we made every effort to get games with several

different teams, from some reason or other none could be arranged, and this year although we endeavored to have a regular series of games with other teams only two of the games materialized, and only one of them with a college.

Lack of Enthusiasm. Ever since we have been on the CHRONICLE staff we have been laboring to build up the college spirit of our student body. The comparative youth of our college was some excuse for a lack in this line, but lately our athletic teams have been the means of stirring up an enthusiasm for Clemson among the cadets.

One thing that we see no excuse for, was the deplorable lack of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of our winning the oratorical contest at Due West. The Palmetto Society, of which Mr. Moise is a member, hired a carriage and decorated it, to bring the victor over to the college, and the Senior Class passed resolutions thanking and congratulating him; but with these exceptions no demonstration was made. A lack of appreciation of Mr. Moise's achievement was shown by nearly all connected with the college.

Mr. Moise's victory should have evoked applause from everyone connected with the college. The winning of the oratorical contest will do much for Clemson and every one of us should be proud of it. Holding the championship of the State in athletics, it only remained for us to display our superiority in mental lines, and we have capped the climax by doing this at Due West on April 28th.

Exchange Department.

RALPH McLENDON,

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EDITOR.

The college year has ended and with it has ended the work of the present staff of the CHRONICLE. In our last issue we propose to make "general remarks" about the work of the year among the college magazines, rather than to comment on the work of individual journals for the past month.

The year, it seems to us, has been an unusually profitable one. From the beginning of the year to its very close, the average college paper has been such that successors in the editorial chairs will have some hard pulling to do to make next year's work equal to this. We say "average," for some have fallen below their former standard, while others have failed to raise themselves to any degree of excellence where it would have been comparatively easy to do so.

Our policy in conducting the Exchange Department has been to offer suggestive criticisms where we thought them necessary. That is, instead of cataloguing the articles in an exchange, and deciding on the best or the worst, we have endeavored to look at the paper as a whole and suggest improvements where we thought there was need. While we have often criticised individual articles, still we have tried to make this class of criticisms subordinate to comments upon the whole. Our reason for this was a two-fold one. First, the criticisms of a particular writer often touches no one except himself, while under the method we have attempted to follow our remarks have applied not only to the individual

writer, but to the paper for which he writes, and to college journalism at large. In the second place, we believe that derogatory remarks will often discourage writers of promising ability and deter them from making a second attempt. This was our method, whether it was a good one, or whether it accomplished what it was designed to accomplish, is not for us to say.

While the position of exchange editor is an arduous one in some ways, it is not by any means an undesirable one. In relinquishing to our successors the work and the honor (?) of the place, we wish to assure them that there is no small amount of pleasure and profit to be derived therefrom.

With mingled feelings of regret we now bid you farewell.

Local and Alumni.

J. L. KENNEDY, - - - - - EDITOR.

The Football Association held a meeting for the purpose of discussing places for the next season. While financial prospects are not very bright, the prospects for a team next year are better than ever before. Most of the old men will be back and we will have a lot of good material among the new ones. Let every man who can play, come back next year with the intention of playing. Those who cannot take part in the game should urge new men to come out and try for the team. We want a team that will beat even the record of the team of '98.

The Glee Club seems to be in a better condition than usual, this year. The concert to be given by this Club will be one of the features of commencement. After commencement the Club will make a tour of the following places: Greenwood, Abbeville and Laurens.

Resolutions of Appreciation.

WHEREAS, Believing oratory to be one of the most sublime accomplishments, and feeling that it is the best means of cultivating and encouraging lofty ambitions, patriotism and true manhood, and recognizing the efficiency of the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association as a means of cultivating the spirit of oratory, and appreciating the great importance to Clemson College of the victory won by our representative, Mr. W. L. Moise, in the first contest held by the Association; be it

Resolved, First, That the Senior Class take this method of expressing its approval of the excellent work done for the College by Mr. Moise, and that it hereby tenders to him its heartiest congratulations upon his success.

Second, That it commends Mr. Moise for the faithful, earnest

preparation that he made for this contest; for it is of the opinion that talent alone could not have won so brilliant a victory.

Third, That these resolutions be published to the corps of cadets, and also in the State papers, and that a copy suitably framed be presented to Mr. Moise.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, }
L. A. TURNIPSEED, } Com.
W. F. WALKER, }

Clemson College, S. C., April 30, 1899.

The Palmetto Literary Society will hold its annual contest in the Chapel on Monday evening, June 5th ; W. L. Moise, presiding officer. The order of the exercises is as follows :

MUSIC.

Declamations.

J. N. Walker.....“The Curse of Regulus.”
J. R. Blakeney.....“The Convict’s Soliloquy.”

MUSIC.

Debate.

Query; *Resolved*, “That Imperialism Should be the Future Policy of the United States.” Affirmative—J. F. Moore.
Negative—J. J. Gray.

MUSIC.

Orations.

L. B. Haselden..... “The March of Mind.”
B. H. Rawl.....“Clemson College and the Rural Home.”

MUSIC.

Decisions Rendered.

Ask McL. if he succeeded in procuring a hack to drive over to the Isle of Palms.

Prue says that when he marks a lesson in his books he always writes the number of the year, otherwise the marking would be useless.

Miss Squires and Miss Ray, of Atlanta, are visiting Mr. Williams.

"Doodle" is with us again to take his place as first tenor in the Glee Club.

Miss Good and Miss Wolcott, of St. Louis, returned to their homes on May 9, after a visit at Prof. Boehm's. They made many friends on the hill during their short stay, who will always welcome them to Clemson.

Mr. T. R. Vogel, '98, who is draughtsman in the Port Royal Navy Yard, paid us a short visit after the Reunion. We are glad that some of our graduates still find time to visit Clemson.

Ask "J. D." if he is coming back next year.

Why did McL. miss the 12 p. m. boat?

The Clemson Cadet March is out. Come early and avoid the rush. "Prof." All.

Quite a number of Cadets and several members of the faculty attended the Reunion in Charleston. The baseball team also went down and remained a couple of days, crossing bats with the Charleston and South Carolina Colleges while there, and we are pleased to say coming off victorious.

Prof. (in English)—Mr. A., what is the meter of this verse?

"Prof." All—I think it's millimetre.

Prof.—Whose son was Charles Lamb?

Lewis A.—He was the son of another Lamb.

Cadets J. C. Thomson, W. L. Moise, R. McLendon and S. M. Robertson went home with Cadets C. K. and H. R. Chreitzberg to attend the wedding of the latter's sister to Mr. H. W. Shelamer, at Moultrieville, S. C.

The alumni address this year will be delivered by Mr. J. S. Garriss ('98), during commencement week.

Old Horse (looking over the Reunion ball program)—
I reckon Deux Temps. must mean between times.

Diamond Dots.

Charleston College and Clemson, at Charleston, S. C.:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Charleston College	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0—3
Clemson College	1	5	4	0	0	1	0	0	x—11

South Carolina College and Clemson at Charleston,
S. C.:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

South Carolina College	.0	2	0	0	3	0	0	3	x—8
Clemson College	2	7	2	2	6	0	1	1	x—21

Charleston College and Clemson, at Clemson, S. C.:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Charleston College	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—3
Clemson College	2	3	0	0	0	5	0	0	1—11

It was just about 12 o'clock of a hot Spring day. The scene was in Charleston at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion. Around the corner of Market street rushed a Clemson cadet toward the wharf, where a ferry boat was lying and bells ringing gayly. The cadet rushed toward the boat, for he heard the bells ringing and thought sure the boat was leaving him behind. As he approached the edge of the wharf he saw that the boat was about one yard from the landing. Making a sudden dash, he leaped over the intervening space and landed on the feet of a poor minister of the gospel. Regaining his equilibrium he apologized profusely, and explained that he was in great haste to catch the boat. The stranger glanced coolly at the cadet and asked, "What is your hurry, the boat is coming in."

CLEMSON ALPHABET.

A is for All, who has a red head.
B is for Buzzard, who looks after the dead.
C is for "Corporal Little" and frail;
D is for "Doc," who delivers the mail.
E is for Elder, the great "Speckle Beauty,"
F is for "Fatty," who does extra duty.
G is for "Goober," our barber so great.
H is for Hi Ki, Photographer of late.
I is for "Issac," with hair curly and black
J is for "Joe Duck," who goes quack ! quack !
K is for Kennedy, the leader of the band,
L is for Lawton, with razor in hand.
M is for "Mocking Bird," oh ! how he can sing,
N is for Newton, that pitcher from "Sling."
O is the letter showing Carolina's score,
P is for "Polly" and "Pug," and a great many more.
Q is for Quattlebaum, a very fine name
R is for "Root," that captain of fame
S is for "Shorty," our baker so big,
T is for "Thumb," and also "Tom Pig."
U is for University, Furman so grand
V for "Victory," won by Clemson's great man.
W is Walker, as strong as a bull
X is for the corn that made "Pot" so full.
Y is for "Yellow Hammer," isn't he a beast ?
Z is for Zeigler, last but not least.

—H. T. POE, '02.

Extracts From College Rules.

All irregular students are required to make new applications for irregular courses at the beginning of the college year.

Irregular or special courses cannot be granted in the Mechanical Department after the beginning of the second term.

All irregular students are required to stand examinations on all studies pursued.

Students in any college class shall be allowed one month from the date of entrance to such class, in which to make application to change the course of study.

Each applicant for admission to Clemson College must present a testimonial of good moral character from his last instructor, or from some reputable citizen of the community in which he lives; and students from other colleges must bring certificates of honorable discharge.

The pass marks for examination shall be 60 per cent., and the required combined mark for promotion shall be 60 per cent., and the pass mark for daily recitations shall be 60 per cent.

To find the combined mark multiply the average monthly marks by 2. To this add the examination mark and divide by 3.

No student failing on more than one subject shall be allowed to go forward to a higher class. No student deficient in any subject shall be allowed to enter the Senior Class. Failure in two successive years in the same subject is considered failure in two subjects.

The maximum mark on a re-examination is 60 per cent.

All declamations, debates and speeches which are to be public must be submitted to the English department for revision and approval.

No cadet is allowed to publish or write for publication or to send any article to the press without first submitting it to the President.

Section marchers are chosen for the term on the basis of class and examination marks.

Students who are put back in a class are required to take the full work of that class.

All students are required to take the military course.

On March 9th the following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees, to take effect next September:

At the beginning of the session each student is required to deposit with the Treasurer Two Dollars, to be known as the Breakage Fee. Whenever the property of the college is damaged the actual cost of the repair of the property damaged shall be charged to the student who damaged the property. If, however, the responsibility cannot be fastened upon any student the amount of the damage shall be prorated equally among all the students. At the end of the session any amount to the credit of the student shall be returned to him.

FARMER'S INSTITUTES.

Farmers' Institutes will be held in a limited number of Counties this summer for the instruction of the people in various branches of Agricultural Science. The course of lectures shall be arranged to present to those in attendance the results of the most recent investigations in Theoretical and Practical Agriculture, and as far as possible to make the subjects discussed meet the special needs of the locality where the Institute is held.

All expenses of the meeting will be met by the college. The community in which the Institute is held is expected to provide a suitable place for the speaking; to advertise the meeting and to arrange the minor details. It is desirable that local speakers and writers assist in the exercises of the Institute by discussing subjects in which they are most interested, or in which they have had successful experience.

TIME.

It may not be practicable always to hold the Institute on the day desired by the community, as different places sometimes ask for the same date. The final selection of the date must therefore, be left to the college authorities, but the wishes of the community will be observed as far as practicable.

It is the policy of the college to lengthen, when desirable, the sessions of the Institutes. We realize that the best results cannot be obtained from a one-day meeting. The scope and character of the work should be broadened year after year. Where sufficient interest is manifested the Institute will be conducted for a longer period than a day.

This work will begin about the first of August, and applications should be sent in at once. Specify the time and place, and the names of the gentlemen who are willing to serve on the local committee.

SUBJECTS.

The subjects discussed at the Institutes should be adapted to local conditions. We therefore ask those interested to designate the subjects that are believed to be of the most interest to the locality.

Among the subjects that the members of the Institute Staff are prepared to discuss may be mentioned :

Improvement of Soil,	Grasses and Legumes,
Horticulture,	Plant Diseases,
Botany,	Entomology,
Insects and Insecticides,	Methods of Spraying,
Dairying,	Animal Husbandry,
Farm Manures,	Veterinary Science,
Fertilizers,	Chemistry of Soils,
Truck Farming,	Drinking Waters,
Road Improvement,	Industrial Education.

The College Institute.

After the County Institutes, an Institute lasting one week will be held at Clemson College. Board and lodging will be furnished at cost.

Distinguished lecturers from abroad will be invited to assist in the College Institute and every effort will be exerted to make this meeting pleasant and profitable.

The Auxiliary Experiment Station Clubs are earnestly invited to co-operate by sending delegates.

The date and program will be duly advertised.

For further information write to

HENRY S. HARTZOG, President,
Clemson College, S. C.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. HARTZOG, President. P. H. E. SLOAN, Sec'y and Treas.

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The other Departments are : Mathematics, Civil Engineering, English History and Military Science, and Textile Engineering.

## EXPENSES.

The deposit required from each student on admission is \$59.18, except in the case of students who receive tuition free, when it is \$49.18. Free tuition is given only to residents of the State. Blank applications for free tuition will be sent when applied for. After the first deposit a quarterly deposit of \$26.88 for pay-tuition students, and \$16.88 for free tuition students is required at the beginning of each quarter. The quarters begin as follows : Sept. 14, 1898, Nov. 21, 1898, Jan. 28, 1899, and April 6, 1899.

This gives a total of \$139.80 per year for students paying tuition, and \$99.80 per year for students who receive tuition free.

These deposits pay for board, tuition, laundry fee, incidental fee, medical fee, and one uniform. Books, and other necessary articles not mentioned, will be furnished at cost.

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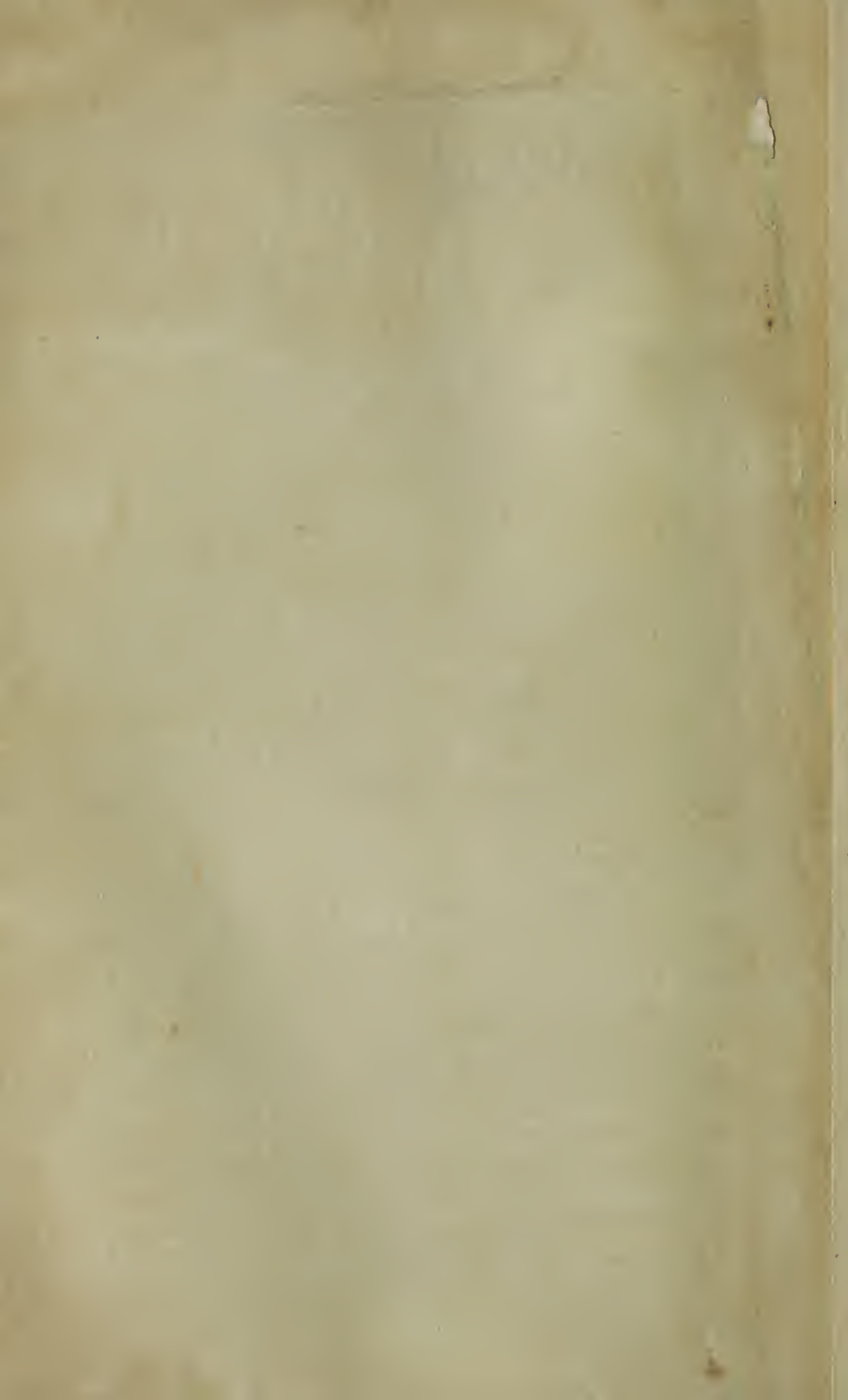
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